

Copyright, 1913, by the Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

The Beauty Chase of a \$30,000,000 Bachelor

How Anita Stewart's (She's the Duchess of Braganza) Brother Is Seeking With His Lovely Sister's Picture As a Model, a Queen of Beauty to Share

THE days of romance are not entirely dead; the age of chivalry is not absolutely a thing of the past.

Young Mr. William Rhinelander Stewart, the only son of Mrs. James Henry Smith and, of course, brother of Anita, the charming and beautiful Princess de Braganza, is a modern American type of chivalry. Young Mr. Stewart, whom his friends call Willie, is spending his days and nights in the quest of a golden girl, a queen of beauty who will, when found, become his queen of hearts, if she be willing. He has met the most beautiful girls in England, in France, in Spain. In London, where he spends half of each year with his mother and sister, he has searched in vain through all the ranks of society. Nowhere could he find his ideal.

By what standard does Mr. Stewart measure feminine beauty? By his sister Anita, who is considered one of the most beautiful young women in Europe.

"My wife must be as beautiful and as charming in every way as my sister," said young Mr. Stewart not long ago when some one asked him why, at twenty-five, he was still unmarried.

Mr. Stewart is handsome, his manners are courtly and full of grace. He is highly educated, he dresses with perfect taste and he has in view a fortune of thirty millions. He belongs by birth to half a dozen of the oldest and most

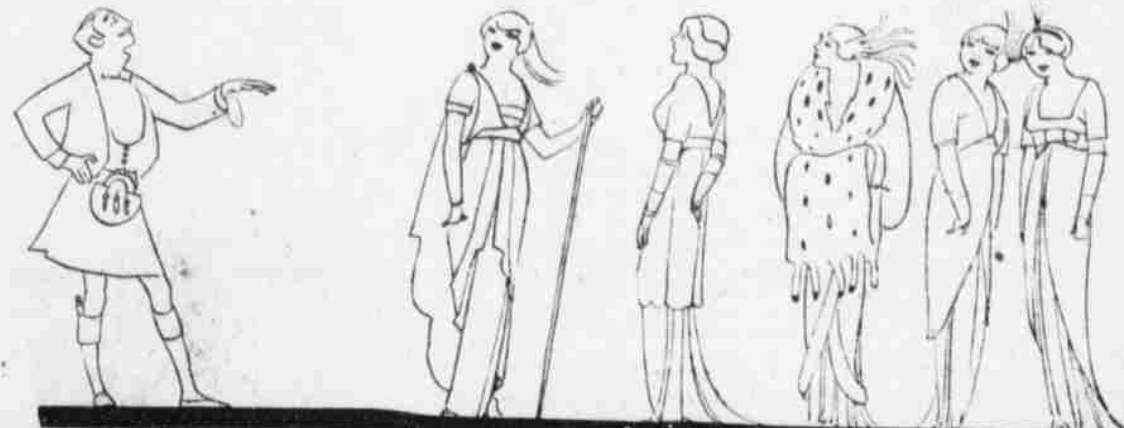
important families of New York, and he is as well known and liked in Europe as he is in Newport and New York. With all these advantages he may marry where he pleases. He does not need to go forth to find his queen of beauty; he might wait at home and she would gladly seek him out. He has been courted by poor girls and rich ones, by short girls and tall ones, by homely girls and pretty ones, but none so far has met his standard.

Mr. Stewart has lived in the lap of luxury all his life and in the lap of beauty also. His mother, before she married William Rhine-

lander Stewart, senior, was the beautiful Anne Armstrong, of Baltimore. She is still a beautiful woman. His aunt, Mrs. Tony Drexel, is one of the handsomest women in London to-day. His sister and his cousin, the Viscountess of Malmstone, are noted beauties. From his youth up his soul has been steeped with beauty.

Mr. Stewart is an epicure. He does not jump hastily from one beauty to another. He devotes many weeks, perhaps months, to the careful study of each type. Therefore, at the age of twenty-five, when many men might have a dozen classified

His Enormous Fortune



Miss Julia Robbins, the Most Beautiful Brunette in New York Society, Who Is

Mr. Stewart's Latest Hope. He Is Still Uncertain Whether or Not She Equals the Princess of Braganza.

without is your queen of beauty. Whichever one fulfills your ideal even under the most trying circumstances," she answered.

"Um-um," said the hunter, "I seem to be able to live without either of them! It is not my heart, but my sense of the beautiful, that is concerned in my chase."

Just when things were apparently in a hopeless state, when polyanthus seemed the only outlet, the Duchess of Braganza sent her newest photograph to her brother. In the year since he had seen her she had grown even more beautiful, and all at once he saw that neither Miss Wilburg nor Miss Brown could measure up to her. But he determined to give the lovely "Girle" another chance. Among the pictures of his sister was one taken on the toboggan slide at St. Moritz, Switzerland. It was an exquisite picture. The Duchess's radiant beauty sparkled and shone even despite the costume she was wearing. The beauty hunter separated that from the others and said to himself:

"At Tuxedo next week I will see how the prettiest blonde of Newport measures up to this picture."

And so, while staying at Tuxedo the following week young Mr. Stewart made a tobogganing engagement with Miss Brown. They spent a cozy morning on the slide and had the jolliest kind of a time, but alas for the hunter and the hunted. Undoubtedly Miss Brown did not compare in the least with the beautiful picture sent over by the Duchess. After that week-end the hunter had his chase still before him.

Last Winter, or rather early in the Spring, Mr. Stewart's god of luck apparently found him again. He fell under the spell of the "most beautiful brunette in New York society," Miss Julia Robbins, daughter of Mr. Julian W. Robbins. Miss Robbins was a debutante last Winter. She is a perfect brunette, her coloring is the very rare olive that we associate only with the beauties of Italy. Her eyes are so brown that they seem to be black, and her cheeks are flecked with faint rose blushes. All last Spring young Mr. Stewart devoted himself to her



Miss Angelica Brown, Newport's Prettiest

Blonde, Who Failed to Measure Up to Mr. Stewart's Standard When He Went Tobogganing With Her at Tuxedo.

But the hunter had grown wary through his experiences. He decided to make one last test before enthroning the beautiful Miss Robbins as his queen. He went to Europe for the Summer and visited his sister for several weeks, refreshing his memory with her charms. He remained away until November, returning to New York just in time for the Horse Show. He attended the show many times and always he was with Miss Robbins, with Mrs. Harriman as chaperon.

Since that week Mr. Stewart has been Miss Robbins's shadow, but no engagement has been announced and there is a very decided rumor that the hunter has one more test to make before he publicly proclaims the most beautiful brunette in New York is his queen of beauty.

Young Mr. Stewart is no heart breaker. He is no flirt, who makes the girls he meets lose their hearts to him. He has a serious purpose in life, that of finding the girl who is as beautiful as his sister and then making her his wife.

William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr., Brother of the Duchess Braganza, Who Is Searching for His Ideal Beauty.



Gabrielle Ray, Now Mrs. Eric Loder, Actress, Whose Charms Fell Short of the Duchess of Braganza's, When She Proved Herself a Poor Sailor.

affairs locked in their breasts, he has only four. But such a four: One English girl, an actress, and three well known American girls form this quartette of beauty.

But let us begin at the beginning of Mr. Stewart's search for feminine pulchritude. It began in London four years ago, just after his sister married the Prince of Braganza. In England Mr. Stewart was known as an heir to many millions of dollars, and he was very cordially received by members of the smart set there. He also knew many members of the royal family, had danced more than once with the lovely Princess Pat and, young as he was at that time, was a great favorite. Thus his search for beauty, at the start, was made only among the maids of the highest social rank.

"Other men may not agree with me in my idea of beauty," he says very often. "All men do not think alike. I do not expect to find any girl that looks like my sister, but I must find one that is as beautiful in her way as my sister is in hers. That is the task that I have placed before me."

It was in London, however, that Mr. Stewart first thought that he had found his own queen of beauty. His chase led him one day to the Gaiety Theatre, to see "the prettiest girl in London." There he saw the fascinating and beautiful Gabrielle Ray, probably the very prettiest of George Edwards's Gaiety girls. Miss Ray at that time was the sensation of London. She was the idol of all the young bloods of the town. Mr. Stewart looked long in her dazzling brown eyes and said:

"This is the end of the chase. Here is what I long have sought." And straightway he got busy and began the study of Miss Ray's beauty at short range.

He did not have a clear field, for there were a hundred other men who thought that Miss Ray fulfilled their ideal, too, and they courted her whenever they got the chance. For three months, however, this heir to thirty millions devoted himself to her and even persuaded his sister to call upon her. In order to study her under as many conditions as possible he picnicked with her on the Thames, drank tea with her at quaint country inns, dined with her at the smart hotels and even went shopping with her in the Strand. Under every condition he seemed to find her beauty perfect. But, alas, one day he went sailing with her, and the famous Gaiety beauty was overcome with mal-de-mer. Her beauty went at one fell blow. The quest for the golden girl began all over again.

"My sister never gets seasick, my queen of beauty must be immune also," was the only comment the beauty hunter made. (Miss Ray a few months ago married Eric Loder after having jilted him at the very church door.)

After his experience in London Mr. Stewart returned to New York, hoping to find his ideal here in his own country. He went to Newport, where he stayed with his wealthy bachelor uncle, Lispenard Stewart, the pride and despair of the circus set. Every one in the Newport colony was aware of the fact that young William Rhinelander was to be his uncle's heir, and Lispenard Stewart is worth some twenty

millions in real estate and stocks and bonds. As heir to his uncle and for his own sake the young hunter was given every chance to find his queen of beauty. He met all the pretty girls and many who were not pretty. Every time he spoke to a girl every one wondered if the lucky she had been found at last. At the end of a month of desultory flirting about he settled down to study Miss Angelica Brown, the "Girle" Brown who once disrupted Francis Burke Roche's heart. Girle is a rarely beautiful blonde. Her hair is as gold as butter, her eyes as blue as the skies on a June day and her cheeks have the flush of the wild rose in May. This telling description is a paraphrase of Mr. Stewart's fourteenth sonnet to Miss Brown.

In his desire to study Miss Brown under every condition young Mr. Stewart declined every invitation that did not include her. With the sad ending of his romance with Miss Ray in mind, he arranged a sailing party the very first thing. Several of the young members of Newport's circus set were invited for a week-end cruise in the Narada, the Pembroke Jones steam yacht. A gale sprang up and "Girle" was the only girl on board who did not suffer from the storm. Mr. Stewart was happy; he felt that his chase had indeed ended.

All things seemed to be running most smoothly when the modern knight met Miss Olga Wilburg, a granddaughter of the late General Sherman and daughter of the Frank Wilburgs of New York. This meeting was Mr. Stewart's undoing. Here were two remarkably pretty girls, each one perfect in her way, and he simply could not choose between them. Miss Brown was a perfect golden blonde. Miss Wilburg, on the other hand, was a perfect chestnut blonde. Her coloring was just the color of chestnut burrs before the frost has touched them. Was ever a man placed in such an unhappy position before! Here were two perfect beauties, each one fitted to become his queen; but, alas, he could not decide which to place above the other.

In his struggle he went to Mrs. Oliver Harriman, herself a great beauty and an intimate friend of his mother.

"Tell me, pray, which shall I choose: tell me how I can tell which is really my own queen of beauty?" "Whichever one you cannot live

America's Typhoid Plague More Deadly Than Cholera

THE discovery of a single case of cholera on board an incoming ocean liner fills the American public with alarm. Yet this same public displays the most surprising indifference toward the ravages of typhoid fever, which is year after year taking from us the heavy toll of twenty or more deaths for every 100,000 of our population.

From January, 1907, to October, 1911, there occurred in Russia 283,884 cases of Asiatic cholera. This included the appalling epidemic of 1910. According to a conservative estimate the United States had during the same period 1,250,000 cases of typhoid fever, or more than four cases of typhoid fever in this country for every case of cholera in Russia.

When Italy was ravaged by cholera in the

years 1910 and 1911, there were 16,000 cases of the disease, with about 6,000 deaths. In the United States, during the same period, we had more than 500,000 cases of typhoid fever, with 50,000 deaths.

Although the death rate from cholera is higher for the same number of cases, typhoid fever is really a more serious and a far more costly pest. It is transmissible in more ways; it is more expensive on account of its habitual lingering course, and it is infinitely more disastrous in its after-effects than Asiatic cholera.

The 25,000 deaths from typhoid fever annually by no means represent our total loss. There are 250,000 cases of the disease every year, and each case necessitates an average of four to

eight weeks' absence from work. This waste of energy, together with the cost of medical attendance and hospital care, and the loss due to decreased earning capacity during convalescence brings the amount which typhoid fever costs us every twelve months to not less than \$100,000,000.

The complacency with which the average American citizen views this prodigious waste is all the more remarkable when we consider that typhoid is, to a very great extent, a preventable disease. Attention to the simplest requirements of sanitary science would reduce the number of cases by 175,000 a year, and the number of deaths which could be so avoided would reach a total of more than 16,000.